

WOULD INCREASE MARYLAND FARE

W. R. & E. Losing Money
On Suburban Line,
Says Ham.

Having obtained a 7-cent fare in Washington from the District Public Utilities Commission the Washington Railway and Electric Company shortly will petition the Interstate Commerce Commission for an increase in fare on its lines in Maryland, President Ham said yesterday.

It is claimed by the company that its suburban lines have been operating right along at a loss. Fare on the suburban lines now is 5 cents, with commutation tickets aiding in reducing the cost of the ride. It is expected the company will ask for a 7 or 8-cent fare with an increase in the cost of the commutation ticket.

Capital Traction officials said yesterday they contemplated no request for a fare increase on the company's only line running into Maryland, the Chevy Chase line, which charges 5 cents a ride with commutation tickets selling at 3 cents when bought in books of 100.

These lines will be affected if the Washington Railway and Electric Company is granted the increase.

Line running from Fifteenth street and New York avenue to Berwyn, Laurel, Rye, Hyattsville and way stations.
Line running from Brookland to Cabin John Bridge and way stations.
Line running from Ninth street and Eleventh street to Congress Heights and way stations.
Line running from Wisconsin avenue to Bethesda, Rockville and way stations.

Clergyman's Son Home; Served British 4 Years

Arthur Murphy, 19, son of the Rev. P. Murphy, rector of Saint Michael's and All Souls Episcopal Church, reached home yesterday after having served four years with the British army during the war.

When the war began, young Murphy was teaching school in Dublin, the boyhood home of his father. He enlisted in the British forces by misrepresenting his age. For three years he was stationed in Ireland as a cavalryman, first in Dublin, then in Kilkenny, and later in other sections of the island.

Last June he was in the British forces sent to Siberia, and remained there until the latter part of August, when the British evacuated that territory.

His three brothers were in the American forces.

Will Give Masquerade.
A costume dance will be held by the Johnson-Powell Community Center, 11st place and Lamont street, next Monday evening for the benefit of the center. Mrs. J. Paul Ward, chairman of the committee in charge of arrangements, announces that tickets can be procured at 50 cents apiece.

Ask World Federation Convention for D. C.

The Board of Trade through the Rev. Hugh T. Stevenson, has extended an invitation to The World's Brotherhood Federation to hold its next convention in Washington. Twenty different countries are represented in the brotherhood.

The Rev. Hugh T. Stevenson attended the last convention of the federation which was held in London, England, and he is anxious inasmuch as it will hold its next meeting in the United States that the National Capital be chosen.

IT HAPPENED ON THE HILL

The Senate yesterday passed the House bill extending passport restrictions over entrance of aliens to the United States. The bill was reported favorably by Chairman Lodge of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and passed immediately without debate. Regulations will continue for one year by the provisions of the bill.

The Senate yesterday passed the Wadsworth bill which authorizes the Secretary of War to transfer, free of charge, to the Agriculture, Postoffice, and Treasury Departments surplus automobiles. Transfer of army cars to these departments were made shortly after the armistice, but the transfers were declared illegal by Attorney General Palmer, and transfers were ordered stopped.

Pacific Coast Representatives yesterday appointed a committee to appear before the Interstate Commerce Commission and protest against the recent increase in freight rates on steel from the Pittsburgh district to the Pacific Coast. Another committee was appointed to frame legislation for the regulation of coastwise steamers, which may be incorporated in the railroad bill.

Increased pay of 50 per cent for army officers and 50 per cent for enlisted men was asked of the House Military Committee yesterday by Col. E. L. Munson, of the General Staff, in behalf of the War Department. The increase is necessary, he said, to enable the army men to meet the increased cost of living. "Bricklayers employed by the War Department receive \$1.03 a day more than first lieutenants in the Medical Corps, who are specialists and required to be on duty all the time," he said. "The War Department's stewards at New York, now striking, receive \$1 a week or about the same as a major, who must be qualified to lead 1,000 men in battle."

Attacks on the President for not sending the names of the peace commissioners to the Senate for confirmation were made in the House yesterday by Representative Rogers, Massachusetts, acting chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee. His remarks caused Representative Flood, Virginia, to submit a table showing that every President from Washington to Wilson have appointed international commissioners without the consent of the Senate.

"President Wilson's precedents are Washington, Lincoln and McKinley for not sending the names of peace commissioners to the Senate," he said.

Rainbow's End

A Novel by REX BEACH

Author of "The Iron Trail," "The Spoilers," "Heart of the Sunset," Etc.

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II.
SPANISH GOLD.
The twins were seven years old when Dona Isabel's schemes bore their first bitter fruit, and the occasion was a particularly uproarious night when Don Esteban entertained a crowd of his Castilian friends. Little Rosa was awakened at a late hour by the laughter and shouts of her father's guests. She was afraid for there was something strange about the voices, some quality to them which was foreign to the child's experience. Creeping into her brother's room, she awoke him, and together they listened.

Don Mario de Castano was singing a song, the words of which were lost, but which brought a yell of approval from his companions. A twinkling distinguished the voice of Don Pablo Peza, too—Don Pablo, whose magnificent black beard had so often excited their admiration. Yes, and there was Col. Mendoza y Linares, doubtless in his splendid uniform. These gentlemen were well and favorably known to the boy and girl, yet Rosa began to whimper, and when Esteban tried to reassure her his own voice was thin and reedy from fright.

In the midst of their agitation they heard some one weeping; there came a rush of feet down the hallway, and the next instant Evangelina flung herself into the room. A summer moon flooded the chamber with radiance and enabled her to see the two small white figures sitting up in the middle of the bed.

Evangelina fell on her knees before them. "Little master! Little mistress!" she sobbed. "You will save me, won't you? We love each other, eh? See then, what a crime this is! Say that you will save me!" She was beside herself, and her voice was hoarse and cracked from grief. She wrung her hands, she rocked herself from side to side, she kissed the twins' nightgowns, tugging at them convulsively.

The children were frightened, but they managed to quaver: "What has happened? Who has harmed you?" "Don Pablo Peza," wept the negroes. "Your father has sold me to him—lost me at cards. Oh, I shall die! Sebastian won't believe it. He is praying. And Asensio—O God! But what can they do to help me? You alone can save me! You won't let Don Pablo take me away? It would kill me!" "Wait!" Esteban scrambled out of bed and stood beside his dusky nurse and playmate. "Don't cry any more. I'll tell papa that you don't like Don Pablo."

Rosa followed. "Yes, come along, brother," she cried, shrilly. "We'll tell Don Pablo to go home and leave our Evangelina."

"My blessed doves! But will they listen to you?" moaned the slave. "Papa does whatever we ask," they assured her, gravely. "If he should growl we'll come back and hide you in the big wardrobe where nobody will ever find you." Then hand in hand, with their long nightgowns lifted to their knees, they pattered out into the hall and down toward the living-room whence came the shouting and the laughter.

Don Mario de Castano, who was fac-

Sebastian came to him out of the mist of the dawn. The old man had been waiting for hours. He was half crazed from apprehension, and now cast himself before his master, begging for Evangelina.

Don Pablo, in whom the liquor was dying, cursed impatiently: "Caramba! Have I won the treasure of your whole establishment?" he inquired. "Perhaps you value this wench more than a thousand pesos; if so, you will say that I cheated you."

"No! She's only an ordinary girl. My wife doesn't like her, and so I determined to get rid of her. She is yours, fairly enough," Varona told him. "Then send her to my house. I'll brood her to Salvador, my cochero. He's the strongest man I have."

Sebastian uttered a strangled cry and rose to his feet. "Master! You must not—"

"Silence!" ordered Esteban. Wine never agreed with him, and this morning its effects, combined with his losses at gambling, had put him in a nasty temper. "Go about about your business. What do you mean by this, anyhow?" he shouted.

But Sebastian, dazed of mind and sick of soul, went on, unheeding. "She is my girl. You promised me her freedom. I warn you—"

"Eh?" The planter awayed forward and with blazing eyes surveyed his slave. Sebastian knew that he had done a foul thing in risking the girl upon the turn of a card, and an inner voice had warned him that he would repent his action when he became sober, but in his present mood this very knowledge enraged him the more. "You warn me? Of what?" he growled.

At this moment neither master nor man knew exactly what he said or did. Sebastian raised his hand on high. In reality the gesture meant to call heaven as a witness to his years of faithful service, but, misconstruing his intent, Pablo Peza brought his riding-whip down across the old man's back, crying:

"Ho! None of that!" A shudder ran through Sebastian's frame. Whirling, he seized Don Pablo's wrist and tore the whip from his fingers. Although the Spaniard was a strong man, he uttered a cry of pain. But the children saw that Don Pablo's face was strangely flushed, that his eyes were wild and his magnificent beard was wet with wine; therefore they hung back.

"You won your bet fairly," Esteban growled at him. "Pay no heed to these babies."

"Evangelina is ours," the little ones bravely repeated. "Then their father exploded: 'The devil! Am I dreaming? Where have you learned to oppose me? Back to your beds, both of you.' Seeing them hesitate, he shouted for his wife. 'Go, there! Isabel, my love! Come put these lumps to rest. Or must I teach them manners with my palm? A fine thing, truly! Are they to be allowed to roam the house at will and get a fever?'"

Here mention of their stepmother's name was enough for Rosa and Esteban; they scuttled away as fast as they could go, and when Dona Isabel came to their rooms, a few moments later, she found them in their beds, with their eyes deceitfully squeezed shut. Evangelina was cowering in a corner. Isabel had overheard the wager, and her soul was evilly aghast; she jerked the slave girl to her feet and with a blow of her palm sent her to her quarters. Then she turned her attention to the twins. When she left them they were weeping silently, both for themselves and for Evangelina whom they dearly loved.

Meanwhile Don Mario had resumed his singing. Day was breaking when Esteban Varona bade his guests good-by at the door of his house. As he stood there

scene from behind her shutter with much satisfaction. The guests looked on approvingly.

Sebastian made no outcry. The face he turned to his master, however, was puckered with reproach and bewilderment. The whip bit deep; it drew blood and raised welts the thickness of one's thumb; nevertheless, for the first few moments the victim suffered less in body than in spirit. His brain was so benumbed, so shocked with other excitements, that he was well-nigh insensible to physical pain. That Evangelina, flesh of his flesh, had been sold, that his lifelong faithfulness had brought such a reward as this, that Esteban, light of his soul, had turned against him—all this was simply astounding. More his simple mind could not compass for the moment. Gradually, however, he began to resent the shrieking injustice of it all, and unsuspected forces gathered inside him. They grew until his frame was shaken by primitive savage impulses.

After a time Don Esteban cried: "That will do, Cuto! Leave him now for the files to punish. They will re-venge him of his insolence."

Then the guests departed, and Esteban staggered into the house and went to bed.

All that morning Sebastian stood with his hands chained high over his head. The sun grew hotter and ever hotter upon his scorched back; the blood dried and clogged there; a cloud of flies gathered, swarming over the raw gashes left by Cuto's whip.

Before leaving for Don Pablo's quinta Evangelina came to bid her father an agonized farewell, and for a long time after she had gone the old man stood motionless, senseless, scarcely breathing. Nor did the other slaves venture to approach him to offer sympathy or succor. They passed with heads averted and with fear in their hearts.

Since Don Esteban's nerves, or perhaps it was his conscience, did not permit him to sleep, he arose about noontime and dressed himself. He was still drunk, and the mad rage of the early morning still possessed him; therefore, when he mounted his horse he pretended not to see the figure chained to the window-grating. Sebastian's affection for his master was still strong, and he had taken his punishment as a dog takes his, more in surprise than in anger, but at this proof of callous indifference a fire kindled the old fellow's breast, hotter by far than the fever from his fly-blown sores. He was thirty, too, but that was the least of his sufferings.

Sometime during the afternoon the negro heard himself addressed through the window against the bars of which he leaned. The speaker was Dona Isabel. She had waited patiently until she knew he must be faint from exhaustion and then she let herself into the room behind the grating, whence she could talk to him without fear of observation.

"Do you suffer, Sebastian?" she began.

Cuto swung a heavy lash; the sound of his blows echoed through the quinta, and they summoned, among others, Dona Isabel, who watched the

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In France mothers and daughters look like sisters. How are the women there able to retain their youthful looks until long past middle age? Is it because they are much given to the use of marcellized wax? This wax possesses a remarkable absorbent property which quickly removes the fine particles of cuticle which are constantly dying and which are the immediate cause of an old-looking complexion. Thus the freer, healthier, younger skin beneath is given a chance to breathe and to show itself. Try this treatment yourself. Most likely it will not require two weeks to make your complexion as clear, soft and beautiful as a young girl's. Just one ounce of marcellized wax (all American druggists have it), usually does the work. The wax is put on nights like cold cream and washed off morning—A.D.

San in a tone of gentleness and pity. "Yes, mistress." The speaker's tongue was thick and swollen. "La! La! What a crime! And you the most faithful slave in all Cuba!" "Yes, mistress." "Can I help you?" The negro raised his head; he shook his body to rid himself of the insects which were devouring him. "Give me a drink of water," he said, hoarsely. "Surely, a great gourdful, all cool and dripping from the well. But first I want you to tell me something. Come now, let us have an understanding with each other." "A drink, for the love of Christ," panted the old man, and Dona Isabel saw how cracked and dry were his thick lips, and how near the torture had come to prostrating him. "I'll do more," she promised, and her voice was like honey. "I'll tell Pancho Cuto to unlock you, even if I risk Esteban's anger by so doing. You have suffered too much, my good fellow. Indeed you have. Well, I can help you now and in the future, or—I can make your life just such a misery as it has been today. Will you be my friend? Will you tell me something?" She was close to the window; her black eyes were gleaming; her face was ablaze with greed. "What can I tell you?" "Oh, you know very well! I've asked it often enough, but you have lied, just as my husband has lied to me. He's a miser; he has no heart; he cares for nobody, as you can see. You must hate him now, even as I hate him." There was a silence during which Dona Isabel tried to read the expression on that tortured face in the sunlight. "Do you?" "Perhaps."

"Then tell me—is there really a treasure, or—?" The woman gasped, she choked; she could scarcely force the question for fear of disappointment. "Tell me there is, Sebastian." She clutched the bars and shook them. "I've heard so many lies that I begin to doubt."

The old man nodded. "Oh yes, there is a treasure," said he. "God! You have seen it?" Isabel was trembling as if with an ague. "What is it like? How much is there? Good Sebastian, I'll give you water; I'll have you set free if you tell me."

"How much? I don't know. But there is much—pieces of Spanish gold, silver coins in casks and in little boxes

—the boxes are bound with iron and have hasps and staples; bars of precious metal and little paper packages of gems, all tied up and hidden in leather bags." Sebastian could hear his listener panting; her bloodless fingers were wrapped tightly around the bars above his head. "Yes! Go on." "There are ornaments, too. God knows they must have come from heaven; they are so beautiful; and pearls from the Caribbean as large as plums." "Are you speaking the truth?" "Every peso, every bar, every knick-knack I have handled with my own hands. Did I not make the hiding-place all alone? Senora, everything is there just as I tell you—and more. The grants of title from the crown for this quinta and the sugar plantations, they are there, too. Don Esteban used to fear the government officials, so he hid his papers securely. Without them the lands belong to no one. You understand?" "Of course! Yes, yes! But the jewels—God! where are they hidden?" (To Be Continued.)

FOGGY?
If Bilious, Constipated or Headachy take "Cascarets."

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